Great Britt. & Ireland. - Army. - Footguards. 10

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

TEARS

OF THE

FOOT GUARDS,

In which that *reſpectable* Corps are *vindicated* from the Charges of *Puppyiſm* and *Cowardice.*

INSCRIBED TO

Capt. *HORNECK* and Enſign *RICHARDSON.*

"SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA, QUÆ LEGIS."

MART.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, in FLEET-STREET.

MDCC LXXVI.

A N

A . I V . . . R

T H E A . . .

OF THE

. . O O T . . U A R . . S,

In which their respective Corps are exhibited from the

Clergy of . . . and Gentry.

INSCRIBED TO

Capt. HORATIO and Lady . . . RICHARDSON.

"QUAE NOBIS . . . QUIDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA,
QUE LEGIS."

MART.

L O N . . O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, in . . . STREET.

MDCC . . XX.

DEDICATION.

THE Author of the following little Poem has inſcribed the haſty Production of a few Hours to Captain *Horneck* and Enſign *Richardſon*, as he does not know *two Gentlemen* to whom he can *more properly* addreſs it.

The thorough *Contempt* which the former has conſtantly ſhewn to every *Peculiarity of Dreſs* which marks the *Coxcomb*, and the *invincible Integrity* of the LATTER relative to a recent Tranſaction, is the beſt and indeed only Apo-

logy

logy the Author preſumes to offer for the Liberty he has taken. He ſincerely wiſhes that Captain *Horneck* may *continue* his Averſion to every Thing that is *frivolous*, and with equal Sincerity he hopes that Enſign *Richardſon* will *continue* to hold *private* Converſation *ſacred*, and neither be tempted by the *Expectation* of a REGIMENT or the *Offer* of a COMMISSION, to *betray the Confidence of his Friend!*

AN

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

TEARS

OF THE

FOOT GUARDS, &c.

OF Men, *renown'd in Arms*, the Poet ſings,
Whoſe *eager Zeal* to ſerve the "* *beſt of Kings.*"
Provok'd the Slander of the *grov'ling* Crew,
Who Foes to Monarchs, hate their *Soldiers* too.

* The courtly Compliment which his preſent Majeſty has of late Years received *from his* FRIENDS.

From vile Detraction 'tis the Muſe to Shield,
The *glorious Few*, who brave the *hoſtile* Field:
Who *unreluctant* quit the gay Parade,
To march the Heroes of a *fierce* Brigade,
Who *chearful* leave each dear enchanting Scene,
Exchanging Life for *Death*, for Joy, *Chagrin*.
Should Men like theſe, by *patriot* Rage inſpir'd,
By more than *Grecian*, *Roman* Virtue fir'd,
Submit in Silence to each *envious* Sneer,
Which rudely brands ſo *brave a Corps* with *Fear*?
Forbid it, MARS! at whoſe ſupreme Command,
Theſe *valiant Soldiers* quit their native Land.
Forbid it, Juſtice, Decency and Truth,
Thoſe dear and beſt Companions of my Youth.

* The courtly Compliment which his preſent Majeſty has of late Years received from his Patriots.

Be

Be mine the Taſk to regiſter each Name,
Th' unworthy Herald of their *ſpotleſs* Fame.
To thee, fair Goddeſs, heav'nly *Truth I kneel,
Let ev'ry Line and Thought, thy Influence feel:
May I, through Life, thy ſacred Power own,
And bow ſubmiſſive at thy ſilver Throne:
So ſhall my Verſe in pureſt Numbers flow,
Nor dark malignant Rage, nor Falſehood know.

OF Men *renown'd in Arms*, the Poet ſings,
Whoſe *eager Zeal* to ſerve the "*beſt of Kings*"

*The Author thinks an Explanation of this Line neceſſary: By the *Heavenly Goddeſs*, he alludes to LIBERTY, whom he ought indeed previouſly to have mentioned; and the Apology he begs Leave to offer, is the extreme Hurry with which he wrote the Poem, as the Subject was temporary. If Hurry, in any literary Production, can be an Excuſe for Inaccuracy.

Demands

Demands the Tribute of the grateful Muſe,
(Who ſcorns alike to *flatter* or *abuſe*:)
Whoſe *martial Spirit*, in a dangerous Hour,
Preſerv'd their *Royal Maſter* from the *Tow'r.

Seduc'd them into Scenes of Noiſe and Strife,
To ſhare the Dangers of a *Warrior*'s Life.
Ill fated Youths! to leave gay Pleaſure's Round,
No more to let the ſparkling Glaſs abound

*The Author alludes to the ridiculous Tale of an Individual againſt his Friend, Benefactor, and Countryman; by whoſe Ruin he expected an ample Proviſion from Government, and has indeed been rewarded for his Baſeneſs and Treachery, with a Commiſſion worth ONE THOUSAND POUNDS! The Abſurdity of this Story excited only a Laugh from the Public, though it was ſufficient to alarm theMiniſtry—a Proof at once of Incapacity and Irreſolution.—No Injury, in Fact, has happened, but to Mr. *Nugent*; who, for his inflexible Regard to the Laws of Honor, has loſt his Commiſſion, though not his Character—That will remain pure and unſullied, though he has been betrayed by Mr. *R———n*, inſulted by Lord *R———d*, ill-treated by Col--l *C——g*, deceived by a Trick of Office, and finally ill uſed by the ****!

With

With *Burgundy*'s* rich Juice — no more to ſmile,
On the fantaſtic Nymphs of *Britain*'s Iſle;
No more to wave your ſilken Banners high,
No more to hear the ſweet reponſive Sigh:
No more beneath the Sun's refulgent Heat,
To lift by Beat of Drum, your *martial* Feet.
To march no more, thro' Duſt, *pell-mell* together,
Like City Soldiers, fit for Summer Weather:
No more to *Wimbleton*, or fam'd *Blackheath* §,
To repreſent in Jeſt, the Trade of Death:

* The Officer who has the Guard at *St. James's* is allowed, on particular Days, Six Bottles of Wine from the Board of Green Cloth, and *Burgundy* is generally his Choice.

§ Where the Guards annually of late, for the *Improvement* of their *military Skill*, or the *Entertainment* of their *gracious* Sovereign, have performed *Evolutions* and *Revolutions* almoſt as perfectly as REAL SOLDIERS.

No more in Mock and idle Pomp to Shew,
What in real Life, you would not *chuſe* to do:
What in the Hour of Danger would affright,
And make you wiſh the *friendly* Shade of Night.
How Armies march *undaunted*, or by *Stealth*,
How much, Fatigue, *like your's*, deſtroys the Health:
How *Forts*, *Redoubts*, *Intrenchments* ſhould be taken,
(Provided they're by *coward Troops* forſaken)
No more the various Arts of War expoſe,
To a promiſcuous Croud of Friends and Foes:
No more divided to th' Attack advance,
This Party *England*, and the other *France* *.

* The Author *only* alludes to the *Mock Battles* which theſe *Mock Heroes* have fought *ſince* the Peace.

With *martial Ardor* on the peaceful Plain,
Secure from being either *hurt* or *ſlain*:
No more to *Rally*, ſound retreat, or *Run*,
Or pleaſe the *K**** and *Rabble* with your Fun.
No longer Skulk in *ſportive* Ambuſcade,
A ſolemn Mockery of the Soldiers Trade!

FAR different Scenes are op'ning to the View
Of this *ſelected* and *experienc'd* few,
On whom the King, in the great Hour of Need,
(When wounded Freedom at each Pore muſt bleed)
Relies in fulleſt Confidence to ſave,
The heav'nly Goddeſs* from th' untimely Grave.

* See Note to Page 7.

Strike

May HE, (moſt worth our Wiſh) who rules this Ball,
On whom for Aid deſponding Mortals call;
Guard this vaſt Empire from *inteſtine* Woes,
And hurl Deſtruction on *domeſtic* Foes.
Strike the black Soul of each deſigning Knave,
Who means his *King* or *Country* to enſlave;
Who wanton labors unreſtrain'd by Shame,
With impious Zeal to blaſt a Nation's Fame;
When daring Faction tears th' unſettled State,
And ev'ry Hour proclaims th' Approach of Fate;
When miſcreant Peers, in Vice and Folly bred,
Like *********† preſumes to take the Lead,

To

† The *inconſiſtent* Conduct of this reprobate Wretch in Parliament, ſince the Death of his much lamented Father, proves at once a moſt ſcandalous Proſtitution of uncommon Abilities, and the Weakneſs of a timid Miniſtry, which ſeeks with ſingular Avidity, the Support of the moſt abandoned Characters

To govern all, and for their private Ends,
Deſtroy our Peace, and ſacrifice their Friends.
Then may Heav'ns ſelf aſſume th' avengeful Rod,
And perjur'd Villains feel an injur'd God.
To me it matters not by whoſe baſe Hand,
The Chain of Slav'ry's fixt throughout the Land:
My Right's invaded—I'll my Rights defend,
All Nature's Dictates point to this GREAT End:

ters in Society. As the Story of Adminiſtration's obtaining this extraordinary Peer is not generally known, it will not, perhaps, be thought either unſeaſonable or impertinent to give it. Soon after the Commencement of the preſent Seſſions, Lord ***** ſent his *right reverend* Brother to Lord *********, with his Compliments, and deſired to know in *what Manner* he could ſerve his Lordſhip. The Purpoſe of the Application was immediately underſtood, and his Lordſhip demanded a *Privy Counſellor's Place*, as he had already refuſed to be about the Perſon of the K****. The Miniſter accepted the Condition with great Chearfulneſs, and his Lordſhip ſoon after was made C—f J——e in A-r! tho' yet declares, he has farther Claims upon Miniſtry if they mean he ſhould be ſilent. The Progreſs of Vice in this Country is not at all extraordinary, ſince Rank and Wealth can ſanctify the greateſt Crimes!

Whether beyond th' *Atlantic*'s troubled Seas,
A Tyrant iſſues his unjuſt Decrees;
Or in fair *Britain*'s Iſle for Law too great,
Some pamper'd Fav'rite ſecret rules the State;
'Tis mine to *ſeize* the Evil by the Root,
Whether 'tis HANCOCK *there* or *here* a BUTE.

OF Men *renown'd in Arms*, once more I ſing,
Whoſe *wond'rous Deeds* thro' diſtant Nations ring:
Whoſe *Looks terrific*, at a ſingle Glance,
Diſmay the Legions of preſumptuous *France*;
By *Nature form'd* in hoſtile Fields to *ſhine*,
And lead to *Fame* the terror-ſtriking Line;
With *matchleſs Genius*, vig'rous Pow'r and Art,
To form the Phalanx, hurl the fatal Dart:

Pond'rous

Pond'rous and vaſt — to bid the Warrior glow
With *genial Heat*, amid *Norwegian* Snow;
To raiſe the Weak, and to the fearful Hind,
Convey the Feelings of a *Hero*'s Mind.
Nor leſs endear'd to *Science* tranquil Shore,
Wit's *attic Salt*, and Learning's *claſſic Lore*.
Theſe Heroes praiſe with *martial Merit* vies,
Their ARMS AS NERVOUS, as their HEADS ARE WISE.*
Great is the Ardor of this *choſen Band*,
Thro' *patriot Zeal* to ſave a *ſinking Land*:
Thro' *Zeal* to leave the *Mall*'s gay Walk for War,
And ſeek, 'midſt Death, th' unwelcome painful Scar.

* Mr. *Richardſon* may be aſſured, that no Reflection is meant on his literary Abilities. His *ingenious* and *claſſical* Appeal to the Officers of the Guards, is, in every Reſpect, worthy of HIMSELF.

Thrice

Thrice happy Britain! who can juſtly boaſt
Such *precious Bulwarks* to defend her Coaſt:
Such daring Souls *immortal* Honors claim,
Who riſque their *own*, to ſave a *Nation's* Fame.
Tho' *critic Dwarfs*, ſurcharg'd with Gall or Phlegm,
Condemn *ſuch Virtue*, *too ſublime* for them,
Yet ſhall *their Courage*, when *Britannia* rears
Her hardy Offspring to the Strife of Spears,
Chace far each Doubt, new Confidence impart,
And beam Hope's Rays upon each Soldier's Heart.
" Now red'ning from the Dawn the Morning Ray,
" Glow'd in the Front of Heav'n and gave the Day:
" The *youthful Heroes* with returning Light,
" Roſe anxious from th' Inquietudes of Night."

The

The comrade Soldiers, deſtin'd to depart,
Hie to the Park, and all their *Joys* impart.
A motley Crew, aſtoniſh'd at the Sight,
(And ſtill ſuſpicious that the *Guards* won't fight!)
Aſſembling, vent their *Wonder* and *Surprize*,
And Joy and Grief alternate rend the Skies.
The *manly Fortitude* no Tongue can tell,
With which theſe VETERANS took their *laſt* Farewell!
Now buſy Thieves, who, by ingenious Aim,
Can rob at Pleaſure, and eſcape the Shame;
Moſt dextrous uſe their pliant Hands, and dive
In different Pockets, and by Rapine live.
The Hour arriv'd, the hollow Drums declare
Their quick Departure for the Fields of War:

The Shrieks of Women drown the Fife's ſhrill Notes,
And Officers appear in *alter'd Coats.**
A *prudent Caution*, worthy of a Corps,
Who twice on *German* Plains have lain in Gore, §

* The better to avoid being diſtinguiſhed by the Rebels, the Officers have adopted a Silver Lace as ſimilar as poſſible to the Worſted, worn by the private Men.

§ In the late War, the Foot Guards poſſeſſed the entire Confidence of the late Duke of *Cumberland*, 'till they deſervedly forfeited it by their retreating after the firſt Fire from the Enemy in the utmoſt Confuſion.

It is however, but juſt, to acknowledge, that conſidering the diſſolute Manner in which the Men live, and the Impoſſibility of preſerving proper Diſcipline among them, diſtributed as they are all over the Town, and which muſt be the Caſe 'till they get into Barracks, it is aſtoniſhing that they ſtood at all. Their Field Officers are indeed, for the moſt Part, brave and reſpectable Characters; but the Subalterns, the unfledged Race of Enſigns (as an elegant political Writer has called them) are really a public Nuiſance, while the private Men, under the Influence of every bad Example in the Metropolis, are become a national Diſgrace.

Who

Who always judge it *prudent* to retreat,
Than run the *Hazard* of a *foul* Defeat:
So ſhall their *Wiſdom* ſerve them as a Shield,
When call'd to meet the Yankies in the Field.
Tho' *envious* Elves, of *ſhallow Brain*, aſſert,
" That *Rank and File* will to a Man, *deſert*;
That Glory's empty Name no Claim can find,
With Men who've left their firſt Concerns behind;
Whoſe Souls no ſingle Paſſion can poſſeſs,
Except a Paſſion for *Almack*'s and Dreſs;
Whoſe *ſweet angelic Forms*, ſo debonnaire,
Each Day on Duty, ſcent the fragrant Air:
With pureſt Eſſence drawn from eaſtern Roſe,
And can *ſuch* THINGS reſiſt great *Britain*'s Foes!

That

That, Spite of Hell, this Truth will ſtill be known,
Our Honor's loſt, with Men who 've loſt their OWN!

PEACE to each Babbler!—let his Rancour reſt,
For ever huſh'd within his gloomy Breaſt.
Skill'd in prophetic Lore the Muſe aſpires,
To raiſe in Verſe the Merit ſhe admires;
To pierce the Womb of Time and to explore,
A latent Path no Mortal knew before.
Tho' Seas tempeſtuous dare them to the Fight,
And *Cæſar*'s ſelf might dread eternal Night;
Yet, rous'd by Pride to ſpurn *inglorious Eaſe*,
When the ſhrill Trumpets clamour in the Breeze;

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd they'll march, and, panting, wiſh to wield,
The maſſy Lance, and brave the hoſtile Field!
No longer ſigh for *Warren*'s rich Perfumes,*
No longer ſprightly from *Burgundian* Fumes;
Their future Conduct ſhall refute each Slander,
And every Enſign prove, an ALEXANDER!

* Mr. *Warren* need not be under the leaſt Apprehenſion of ſuffering upon this Occaſion, as the Guards have received the Reinforcement of two *Petits Maitres* from a marching Regiment, who will abundantly make good the Deficiency.

FINIS.

Inspir'd they'll march, and, panting, with to wield
The manly Lance, and brave the lofty Field!
No longer figh for Warren's rich Perfumes,*
No longer fprightly from Burgundian Fumes;
Their future Conduct fhall refute each Slander,
And every Englifh prove, an ALEXANDER!

* Mr. Warren need not be under the leaft Apprehenfion of luffering upon this Occafion, as the Guards have received the Reinforcement of two Pints Marine from a marching Regiment, who will abundantly make good the Deficiency.

FINIS.